

COMPANY OFFERS TO DIVIDE COST

New Automatic Phone People
Willing to Pay Half of the
Election Expenses.

Representatives of the Tri-City Home Automatic Telephone company met with the city commission in informal session this morning and discussed the question of who is to pay for the special election called for by the company which seeks to have the citizens issue a franchise to it. On behalf of the company the following were present: L. S. McCabe, S. R. Kenworthy and G. C. Wenger of Rock Island and E. H. Moulton of Minneapolis, president of the company; L. W. Stanton, promoter, and C. H. Lambach, a Davenport attorney. After the city's financial situation had been explained to them and the matter discussed at some length, the representatives of the company offered to pay half of the expenses attendant upon the election. The commission took the offer under advisement.

The new phone people feel that they are within the law in demanding a vote on the franchise and that it is sheer generosity on their part which prompts them to pay any of the expense. They are also fearful that the payment might be construed as an attempt to bribe the voters, and this they wish to avoid, as they feel that their proposition is a meritorious one. The commissioners, on the other hand, feel that if the law is enforced to the letter, it would permit of any company bringing up a question time and again and pile up expense each time. Because the question was defeated about a year ago, they feel that the company ought to pay the entire cost of the election. They are to notify the phone people as to whether or not they will accept the offer of half expenses to be paid.

SWITCHMAN HURT; EXPECTED TO DIE

George Price of Rochester,
Minn., at Hospital in Crit-
ical Condition.

Pinned between a concrete platform and a switch engine, George Price, a switchman on the Burlington road, was fearfully crushed last night about 9:30 and as a result of the injuries sustained stands but slight chance of recovery. He is now at St. Anthony's hospital hovering between life and death.

The exact manner in which the accident occurred, is not clear, as no one witnessed it. The switching crew, of which Price was a member, was working near the Sash & Door Works last night. Price had been coupling some cars, and in some manner was caught between the approaching engine and the platform. His pelvic bones were completely fractured, and parts of them entered the bladder, his abdomen was fearfully crushed and mangled, and this coupled with internal injuries will probably cause his death.

Price's home is in Rochester, Minn., and relatives there have been notified. The injured man is about 35 years of age.

Police News

John Olson of Davenport—pifflicated—was assessed the costs in the case this morning and permitted to wend

his weary way back to the Iowa municipality.

Silk Hat Harry, fresh from the Chicago Rialto, who is stopping at the Kimball hotel in Davenport, and is some flashy dresser, came to Rock Island last night and sought sweet oblivion via the cocktail route. He reached his destination all O. K. with the train slightly ahead of time, but subsequently lost his bearings and was piloted to the city hostelry for the misguided by Detective William Caulfield. This morning he pleaded guilty to a charge of "saturation" and was permitted to pay \$1 and costs. The name which he gave, is an old one and it was largely on this account that such leniency was accorded the gay debauchee. The cognomen, you inquire? Merely John Doe, that's all.

Ed Walsh, accused of stealing a wallet from a fellow roomer at a house on Eighteenth street and Fourth avenue, was dismissed, there being no evidence to fasten guilt upon him.

DEPUTIES CALLED BY SUPERVISORS

Two of Sheriff's Employees Testify Before Special Investigation Committee.

The special investigation committee which is looking into the charges made against Sheriff O. L. Bruner, did not meet today and no report as to their progress could be secured. Yesterday afternoon, however, they called before them several of the deputies including First Deputy George Slemmon and Charles E. Truxell and John G. Miller, who made the charges which caused the investigation by the supervisors. The witnesses refused to divulge the nature of the queries which the committee made, but Deputy Slemmon said that for his part he could not "get the drift" of the investigation as the questions asked him contained nothing that was sensational in any way.

MOOSERS DISPLACE BURLESQUE SHOW

In place of a burlesque show which was to have held down the boards at the Moline theatre in Moline tonight, there will be a progressive rally with Medill McCormick of Chicago billed to be the big moose of the evening. The bull moose campaign managers in Moline today approached the managers of the burlesque, got their price for letting go of the theatre for the evening, paid it, and now have the place to themselves. Inasmuch as the show had been pretty well advertised, there will probably be a big audience at the theatre tonight.

W. R. C. Attention.
Members of John Buford Relief Corps No. 66 are requested to meet at 1:30 Sunday afternoon at Memorial hall to attend the funeral of the late member, Ida Van Horn, from the Memorial Christian church.
(Signed) SYLVIA J. HEMENWAY,
MRS. ELLA GODFREY, Pres.
Sec'y.

Make Life Easier for Your Wife.
If you do your home-life will be happier. Try unloading the family washing on the L. E. Baker Laundry. Excellent work and prompt service. Call West 237 and we'll be after it with the auto, 633 Seventeenth street.

Saloon Notice.
Chicken lunch tonight at Bennett's, 1507 Second avenue, 1-2-3-4 in one.—(Advertisement).

Fresh Fruits.
A nice "ass" of fresh fruits always on hand at Frank Campana's, 223 Seventeenth street.—(Advertisement).

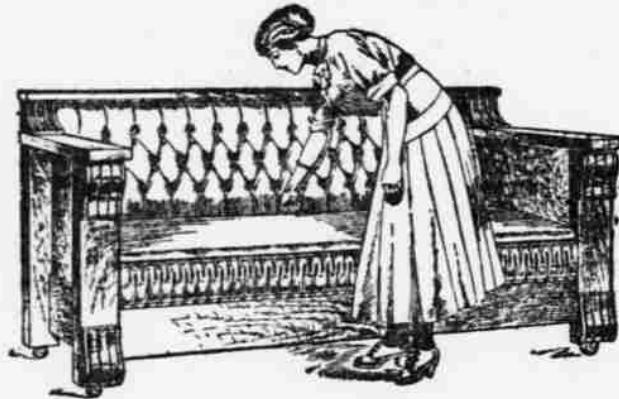
GREATER VALUES THAN EVER IN HOME FURNISHINGS

Greater values than ever in home furnishings. Our buyers have been particularly fortunate this season in gathering our new Fall and Winter stock—and we are now showing an assortment of Furniture, Carpets, Rugs and Stoves that has never been equaled in the tri-cities—and at prices that assure you a substantial saving on every purchase. A visit to our store will give you a new idea as to what real value giving means. Inspect this wonderful showing and remember you can buy these goods on our "Club Plan."

\$24.75 Our New Unifold Bed Davenport \$24.75

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT

Our new "Unifold" davenport marks the greatest advance in bed-davenport construction that has ever been made—and will prove a surprise and a delight to every one who sees it. We were fortunate to secure a large number of these handsome davenports at an extremely low price—and beginning Monday morning we will offer them at a corresponding reduction—an opportunity that will appeal directly to hundreds of homes.



SHOWING DAVENPORT CLOSED.

Easily Operated

There is only one way that you can appreciate this bed-davenport and that is to come and see it for yourself. It is the one design that you will prefer above all others—easy to open and close and so simple in construction that it positively cannot get out of order—built to give a lifetime of service and satisfaction and look well at the same time.

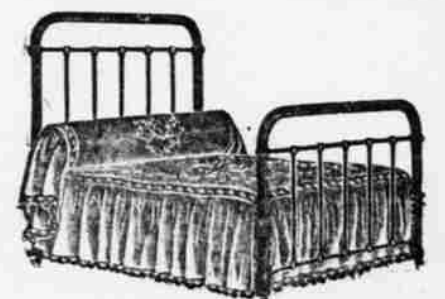
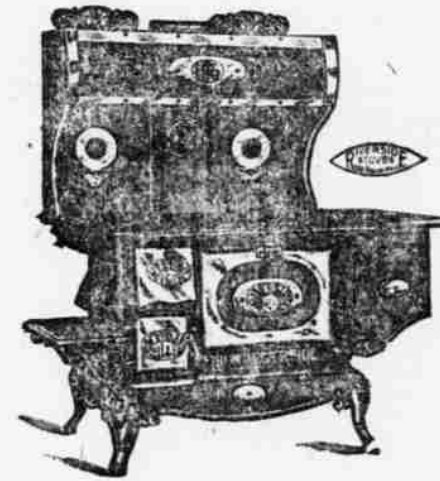


Ask Your Neighbors or Friends

Ask anyone who has one of these

Riverside Stoves or Ranges

they will tell you how thoroughly good, reliable and durable they are. They will tell you there isn't another stove or range that does the work so satisfactorily and the beauty is it takes so little fuel to operate—just about a third of what it takes to operate any other kind. Come in and let us tell you about them.



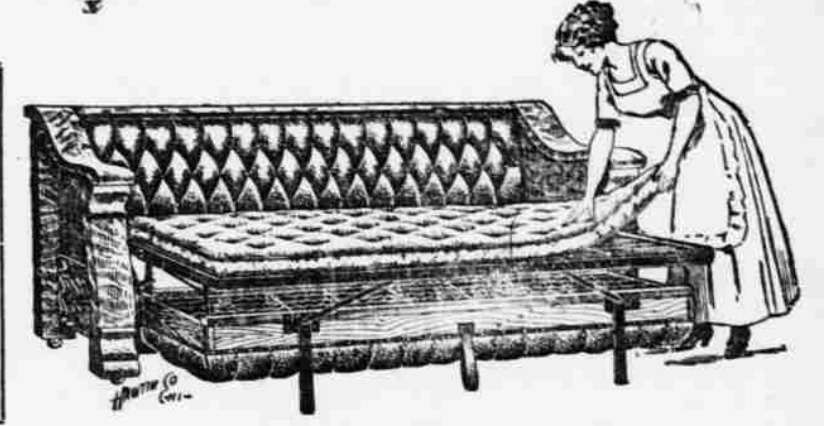
Vernis Martin Bed \$7.50

Elegant 2-inch continuous post vernis martin bed. The bed is finished in the real vernis martin, finish is very smooth. The design matches any bedroom furniture. It is a big value at the price.

Don't fail to see our new line of Lundhar Wilton rugs. They are the finest ever shown. They are simply wonderful.

Our Club Plan

Offers great relief to those who wish to purchase one piece, or furnish an entire home, but who haven't all the money to pay for the goods, but at the same time want good goods, goods that will last. Our "Club Plan" is just the plan that solves the problem, in taking advantage of our "Club Plan" you not only get better goods but we save you at least 10 to 40 per cent. Come in and let us explain this plan to you. The saving is worth going after.



SHOWING DAVENPORT OPEN.

It's a Parlor Davenport

Of stately proportions and massive design—and can be instantly converted into a broad, comfortable double bed at night—it is made on an entirely new principle—the mattress is under the seat and comes into position when the seat is turned—so you do not sleep on the upholstery as is the case in almost all other bed-davenports on the market.

CLEMMANN & SALZMANN

Corner Sixteenth Street and Second Avenue : : Rock Island, Ill.

A REAL HEROINE

BY WALTER GREGORY.



YOUNG Harvey interrupted himself in the midst of his most dramatic situation to tear open a dainty blue envelope just at the elbow by the discreet oriental.

Now, although he had been engaged to Francesca for more than two years, the time had yet to come when the sight of her eccentric little scrawl would fall to send exquisite thrills racing from his heart all over his body, then back again to that hopelessly involved organ.

The letter was dated some days back, at an obscure little Georgia. The opening paragraph caused Leslie Harvey to hold his breath; those following to grow pale, then white, then gray; the closing one to grit his teeth and swear roundly between them.

"Dear, Dear Leslie—it breaks my heart to have to say what I am going to, but honor suggests no alternate course—and so I do not hesitate.

"As you have observed by the postmark, I am spending my vacation in Milledgeville, the little town from which you wrote me so many beautiful letters last summer. You dwell so on the loveliness of the place and your inspired work in it, that some curiosity and a great deal of sentiment prompted me to pick out the same village as an ideal spot in which to have a fortnight's rest."

"And, Leslie, I have met Priscilla Mayerton, the charming southern girl who posed as the heroine of your book. I recognized her instantly

from the delineation in your first chapter (the ones I read) and, too, from several things you told me about her personally.

"And, dear, I am afraid you do not realize to what extent your literary ardor carried you in connection with this little girl. She talks a lot about you to me and guessing who I am, of course—and I am firmly convinced that she loves you, that she believes herself loved in turn, and that she is waiting for you to come back again!

"And now, Boyo, while exonerating you entirely from any intentional disloyalty to me, or conscious devotion to Miss Mayerton, as things stand, there is clearly but one course for you to pursue. Go back to her and ask her to marry you. In her eyes, and the eyes of all Milledgeville, no doubt, you have committed yourself irretrievably; the code is different from ours, you know, but everywhere hearts are the same.

"At the last, I love you too well to keep silent and allow you to be guilty of a dishonorable act, and you—you love me too well, my own (for the last time), to walk in any other path when that of duty lies open before you. Farewell, Francesca."

After delivering herself of several emphatic exclamations, Leslie Harvey thrust back the litter of paper on his desk with a wrathful hand, knocked over the bottle of ink, and banged a couple of drawers with disastrous force. This somewhat eased the tension of his brain and permitted him to reminisce connectedly.

Committed himself, indeed! Why, he had never spoken a word of anything approaching love to Priscilla Mayerton. It was preposterous, her interpreting his attentions so.

True, he had been her constant companion for several weeks, walk-

ing, driving, boating, golfing or anything else that came up, but he had explained to her in the beginning that he was engaged upon a novel which was to have a southern girl for the heroine and that hers was the exact type for which he was searching.

He had asked her permission to use her as his "model," and it had been accorded him freely. That, in Harvey's eyes, was the sum total of everything.

Once, he remembered, he had thought of showing the girl Francesca's photograph, of telling her that he was to be married in June. But their relation, in his opinion, had never demanded this confidence, and he had dismissed the thought.

Under the spur of a sudden inspiration he picked up a pen and began to write hurriedly, a reply to his fiancée's letter. He began, in fact, some half a dozen, and ended by tossing the whole into the trash basket, and flinging himself desperately out of the suffocating office into the open, where for two long hours he walked and walked and walked.

On an afternoon two weeks later he entered a shop in Pasadena and asked to be shown some ladies' green suede gloves. His sister had 'phoned him to make the purchase for her on his way home to dinner.

While the parcel was being wrapped the sound of a low, sweet-toned and very familiar voice caught his attention. It emanated from a little curtained alcove to the left, and caused the blood to go scorching in rivers up to his temples.

"I much prefer the plain tulle," the voice was saying in a soft, but perfectly distinct tone. "You see, my wedding gown is to be very, very simple, and the embroidered veil



DENCIE.

would seem a trifle heavy, don't you think?"

Young Harvey strangled a gulp.

His blood ran like ice water for the space of a second. This, then, was the solution of her letter, her duty—

his honor. There was another man in the case, and she had deliberately made him the scapegoat. And they were to have been married in a month.

Well, he would let her see that her perfdy was no secret from him, and that under the circumstances he was glad to get clear of her. Priscilla Mayerton would not be a bad exchange, he went so far as to reflect.

The clerk who handed Leslie Harvey his parcel marveled at the flash of his eyes; a few moments ago they had been quite calm and pleasant.

"Are there more than two entrances to this shop?" he asked her curtly as he turned to go.

"Only the front one," she had answered, and with that he had gone out to the pavement and planted himself like a rock halfway between the two to wait.

In five minutes Francesca appeared. She was so quiet and natural; so unemotional and smiling that young Harvey felt his anger totter for an instant. As she turned their eyes met.

"Leslie!"

He was dumb for a second, nervously himself for his onslaught.

"When did you leave San Francisco?" she rattled on, superbly unconscious of the gathering storm in his eyes, as they moved off together down the avenue.

"I reached here last night," he replied with as little civility as his tolerance would sanction. His indignation rose higher and higher at the look of strange radiance that enveloped the girl's features. "But you—"

"O, I expect to be a bird of passage as long as I can," she informed him with a little gurgle.

As long as she could Harvey

ground his teeth. The effrontery of it all—blindingly openly at her approaching marriage.

"I hear that you are soon to enlist with the 'silent majority,'" he observed with a touch of derision.

The warm color rippled in waves all over Francesca's pretty face. And as if to madden him, the golden sunlight began to play ravishingly on the rich gleam in the hair he had so loved—and was now another man's!

She nodded, with an arch, upward glance. "And you?"

Then instead of crushing her with his rage and scorn as he intended to do, Leslie Harvey did a very different thing; he went all to pieces and made a clean breast of his misery.

"Francesca, for the love of heaven tell me that I heard all wrong in the place back there—that you are not going to put another in my place so soon! That you didn't mean it when you wrote that wretched letter! I have lived in torment. And as for Priscilla Mayerton, duty, honor and all the other tomyrot—you belong to me, you are mine by all the laws of heaven and earth, and I'd never marry anybody else though the sky and every star in it fell!"

"I read last week that she had married her father's overseer," remarked Francesca matter of fact.

"Yet you had it that she—that I—that—"

"I always keep a balance account with my conscience, Boyo," she interposed softly.

"But suppose I had—and she had accepted?"

"I know you wouldn't," whispered Francesca, with a swift flowering of roses in her cheeks, and the most delicious of smiles. "That is why I went right ahead with my trousers on."